**This Song must not be Sung at Music Halls without the Permission of Miss MILLIE HYLTON.*

BALLOONING OR UP AMONGST THE STARS

WRITTEN BY
JOHN P. HARRINGTON

GEO LE BRUNN

SUNG
WITH IMMENSE
SUCCESS BY

MISS MILLIE HYLTON.

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BALLOONING.

Written by
JOHN P. HARRINGTON.

Composed by
GEORGE LE BRUNN.

MODERATO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is for a song titled "Balloonning." It is written for voice and piano. The tempo is marked "MODERATO." and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a voice staff with a wavy line indicating a vocal melody, and a piano staff with a treble and bass clef. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The music is written in 2/4 time and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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F&D

p

In this, an age when all the rage is Baldwin, smart and cute, Some

"shoot the moon," while others dream a-bout a pa-ra-chute; And,

one night, when to my couch I did drowsi-ly re-pair, I

dreamt my-self a-bout balloons, and float-ing thro' the air. What

hosts of stars and comets dawned on my delight-ed view! Stars

hea-ven-ly, and shooting stars, and Music Hall "stars" too, To

be a dreamland aer-on-aut, how ve-ry nice it seems; There's

nothing like balloon-ing, when you're in the land of dreams!

CHORUS.
Tempo di Valse.

Bal - loon - ing! Bal - loon - ing! Isn't it awf'ly grand?.. With a

1st p 2nd ff

whoop, hul-lo! up you go, Far a - way from land; . . .

Winking your eye at Ve - - nus, Taking a drink with Mars; . . .

Isn't it jolly, balloon - - ing, Up amongst the stars! . . Bal - stars! . .

1^o 2^o

ff

In this, an age when all the rage is Baldwin, smart and cute,
 Some "shoot the moon;" while others dream about a parachute;
 And, one night, when to my couch I did drowsily repair,
 I dreamt myself about balloons, and floating through the air.
 What hosts of stars and comets dawned on my delighted view!
 Stars heavenly, and shooting stars, and Music Hall "stars" too:
 To be a dreamland aeronaut, how very nice it seems,
 There's nothing like ballooning, when you're in the land of dreams!

CHORUS.

Ballooning! Ballooning!
 Isn't it awfully grand?
 With a whoop—hullo! up you go—
 Far away from land!
 Winking your eye at Venus,
 Taking a drink with Mars;
 Isn't it jolly, ballooning,
 Up amongst the stars!

2

Then I saw Goschen with a wheel, and conscience rather lax,
 He tried to fix a bili on wheels, but couldn't find the tax;
 While Charles Parnell, with Justice Day, went "Tommy Dodd," for smokes,
 And all the other Commissioners laughed at his Home Rule jokes.
 Then I saw Piggott floating round—a glass stuck in his eye,
 I met him, with a budget of forged letters in the sky:
 He'd have done well as a blacksmith, though once lively as a colt,
 For he sold everything he *forged*, until he made a *bolt*!

(Chorus.) Ballooning! Ballooning! &c.

3

I saw the Duke of Marlborough sailing gracefully due North,
 And on his arm his blushing bride—hum! well, his third or fourth!
 They didn't seem to quite agree,—he called her "saucy cat"—
 She smacked his face, and then said he: "I'll be divorced for that!"
 Then Cambridge—Grand old chap!—came by, his bosom swelled with bliss,
 He'd Wimbledon in *that* hand, and his good old gamp in *this*!
 But, hark! a shout! and then a band of riflemen came round,
 To *rifle* him, for *rifling* them, of their pet *rifle* ground!

(Chorus.) Ballooning! Ballooning! &c

4

O'Brien, without his breeches, then I happened to behold,
 He'd got a nice warm cloud round him, for fear he might catch cold:
 While Lorne was looking all forlorn, through dear Louisa's jaw,
 And Battenberg was waltzing round with good old mother-in-law!
 The Grand Old Man was sharpening up his axe, against a star,
 And Tories rowed with Liberals, just like Counsel at the Bar!
 Fierce shouts made all the stars go out, and hubbub reigned supreme,
 Until the postman rapped our door, and woke me from my dream!

(Chorus.) Ballooning! Ballooning! &c.

Francis and Day's

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	Sung by		Sung by
I'm looking for the Owner - - -	HARRY FREEMAN	Gilhooley's Supper Party - - -	WALTER MUNRO
The Fine Ould Irish Gentleman - - -	McCALL CHAMBERS	Daughters! - - -	VESTA TILLE
Hannah! Oh Hannah! do come out to-night -	PATTI ROSA	Dreaming—or I thought I was there -	CHARLES GODFREY
The Amateur's Show - - -	G. W. HUNTER	The Automatic Battery! - - -	HARRY RANDALL
How did you lose your arm? - - -	G. H. MACDERMOTT	Across the Bridge - - -	CHARLES GODFREY
I've no use for it - - -	G. H. MACDERMOTT	Oh! What an Alteration! - - -	CHARLES COBORN
Brown, Jones, Green, and Smith; or The Four Dancers	McCALL CHAMBERS	Up, Up, Up, and Down, Down, Down -	TOM SQUIR
That's when you feel all right- - -	CHAS. E. STEVENS	Many a Time - - -	HARRY FREEMAN
He's in the Asylum now - - -	TOM COSTELLO	The Captain called the Mate - - -	ARTHUR WEST
Haul me back again (Parody) - - -	G. W. HUNTER	Good Old Mary Ann - - -	SLADE MURRAY
It's only a false alarm - - -	HARRY RANDALL	The Mystery of a Hansom Cab - - -	WALTER MUNRO
The Nightmare - - -	HARRY RANDALL	Near it - - -	ARTHUR CORNELL
Cabby knows his Fare - - -	ARTHUR COMBES	Gently does the Trick - - -	ARTHUR CORNELL
Not Wanted - - -	JAMES FAWN	You see I'am but a simple Country Maid	KATE HARVEY
"The Play's the Thing" for us - - -	JAMES FAWN	In the days of gay King Charlie - -	BESSIE BONEHILL
They don't do that in Polite Society -	HENRY C. ARNOLD	And the nightingale sang of love - -	WALTER HOWARD
Where are those Boys? - - -	WILL BINT	We shall all be angels in the sweet by and by	CHARLES BIGNELL
Ask a Policeman - - -	JAMES FAWN	I owe ten Shillings to O'Grady (6d. nett)	JOLLY JOHN NASH
I forgot it - - -	HARRY RANDALL	The Goblins in the Churchyard - - -	HENRI CLARK
I wasn't so drunk as all that - - -	HARRY RANDALL	The Parrot and the Parson- - -	VESTA TILLE
Comparisons Melodious - - -	G. H. CHIRGWIN	The Irish Spree - - -	T. C. CALLIGHAN
The Phosphorescent Crew - - -	J. J. DALLAS	His Funeral's to-morrow - - -	TOM COSTELLO
Who Killed Cock Warren? (Is. nett)	HARRY RANDALL	He's a Rider - - -	ARTHUR WEST
Rather More - - -	CHARLES COBORN	She stood behind the Parlour Door -	HARRY FREEMAN
You can tell where he's been - - -	HERBERT CAMPBELL	She changed my Boots for a set of Jugs	HARRY RANDALL
Betsy the Buttermen's Daughter -	THE MOHAWK MINSTRELS	Tobogganning - - -	HARRY RANDALL
That's the Latest - - -	SAM REDFERN	The Magpie said, "Come in!" (Banjo Song)	HARRY HUNTER
Masks and Faces - - -	JENNY HILL	I should like to be a Soldier - - -	TOM SQUIR
Old Maids and Young Maids - - -	HARRY FREEMAN	Quite English - - -	HENRY C. ARNOLD
Waterloo (Historical Song) - - -	SLADE MURRAY	I was in it - - -	HARRY RANDALL
That's why I'm an Irishman - - -	WALTER MUNROE	My Pal Jack - - -	WILL ATKINS
Just a Little - - -	CHARLES GODFREY	Old Potts and young Potts - - -	ARTHUR LENNARD
Young Men Taken In and Done For - -	DAN LENO	Rootity-toot, she plays the flute - -	SLADE MURRAY
I'm Waiting for Him To-night (6d. nett)	DAN LENO	Seven Ages of Man - - -	CHARLES GODFREY
(Parody on "Queen of My Heart.")		Sister Mary walked like that - - -	JOLLY JOHN NASH
The Girls of to-day - - -	BESSIE BONEHILL	The Belles of London - - -	T. W. BARRETT

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